

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BREHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Comifer.*



EXIT DEMARCAY EVANS.

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FEW days afterwards Demarcay Evans left Lornsdale. His departure left a great blank in our little circle, notwithstanding that the colonel, throwing aside his late invalid habits, resumed his place among us, and not only talked with his usual cleverness upon general subjects, but began to plan dinners and entertainments. At one time Bertha

Rogers would have entered into all this with pleasure and animation; now she was taciturn if not sullen, and left me to bear the whole burden of maintaining the conversation. It was true that the colonel made no attempt to conceal his favouritism. My recent adventures at Little Ormbey had raised me in his estimation; he continually called me "the brave woman," and, because of what he termed my spirit, was more indulgent to the independence I had shown with regard to Mr. Kingston than he would other-

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

wise have been. He even condescended to joke on the subject, and inquired if the rector had converted and shrieved the penitent, and, if not, how many preliminary visits would be necessary. His sarcastic moods were harder to bear than his cross ones; the latter stirred up all that was combative in me, the former depressed and chilled me. Since I had meddled with Patrick, he became more outspoken, throwing insidious doubts over what I had been accustomed to regard as incontrovertible facts, but gently and politely, with a grace and good-humour that showed my impetuosity to disadvantage. Against my judgment I was sometimes led to argue, and, as might have been expected, was often worsted. One may feel deeply, may have strong inward convictions, and not be able to clothe them in words of weight. To the mind proud of its intellectual vigour, it is an absurd thing to be told that there are mysteries which must be accepted upon trust, although, in every-day life, equal mysteries are believed without hesitation. Still more absurd and obnoxious is it to hear that the keen, enlarged intellect cannot of itself discern truth from error, and yet it was a man well versed in the learning of his day, who said, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually* discerned." Into a conversation of this kind we had drifted, one particular evening after Demarcay left us, the colonel and I, for Mrs. Rogers dozed over her knitting, and Bertha pretended to read. She had a little battle to fight with herself, and would, I hoped, before long, triumph over her disappointment, her nature not being deep enough for impressions to be very strong and lasting. She was one to pass through her clouds of sorrow without being overwhelmed by them, and perhaps had much to be thankful for; those who think and feel acutely being generally marked off for heavier trials. Victor was in town, gone to pass a few days with his cousin. I never liked these conversations, it seemed like playing with edged tools, yet when the colonel led the way I foolishly followed.

"Never mind what I say, Ella, you shall be left in full enjoyment of your paradise," he said, laying his hand caressingly on my shoulder as we parted for the night, after one of our talks, "and it will not be a fool's paradise either."

"It would be if I looked for it here," I flamed forth, indignantly moving away from the contact which was at that moment repulsive to me.

The colonel's "good night" was as cordial as ever, yet I went to bed with an unusual sense of the uncongeniality of my home. Everything was so different at Rosewood; there were no jarring notes in that household, nothing discordant or out of tune. To me theirs was the model of what married life should be. My aunt's sweet untroubled existence went on from day to day, loving and loved. Hand in hand husband and wife stepped on together with the same trust for the present and the same hopes for the future; she looking to him for the strength and direction that every woman needs from time to time, and he regarding her as the crowning blessing of his life, ever ready, in spite of a little bluster which broke monotony but never disturbed harmony, to render her the reverential tenderness a good woman will inspire in a good man. I could not help thinking of them, and of my dear Agnes, as my head nestled itself on my pillow. How infinitely happier was my uncle than Colonel Demarcay! A joy rang through

the rough tones of the one that you listened for in vain in the polished speech of the other. Even when angry, and that was the case sometimes, my uncle's most choleric expressions neither wounded, nor vexed, nor pained, as did a few words of disparagement or of cynical import from the colonel. However, all this was but idle thinking; I could not get away from my lot now, even had I wished it, so I fell asleep, wishing Colonel Demarcay were like my uncle, and wondering how long my present life would go on without any change, trying also to speculate as to what might be after the colonel should be taken away. And afterwards reproaching myself for the thought by which I was constructing a happier lot from the ruins of his, I turned with something of dread from contemplating all that was involved in my *chateaux-en-Espagne*. I fell asleep, and dreamt a dream, painful in many respects, and which long left its shadow to come and go, as my mind took its tints from the circumstances about me.

Neither Colonel Demarcay nor Patrick had had any part in my vision, which surprised me, especially as regarded the former, for I had gone to sleep thinking of him more than of any one else. Once, but only once, the dread thought, as an evil blast, swept over me—"And if he is right after all?" But he could not be right; sleeping or waking I knew better. I knew it by the unmitigated terror into which the first breath of such a suspicion plunged me—by that impalpable self through which we think, love, hope, and are raised to the appreciation of what is noble, lovely, grand, or good. I held all the faster to my early instruction out of the Book of books. By its insight into my heart, revealing the hardness, softness, and manifold contradictions continually exhibited—the waywardness, pride, and rebellion I had so often to mourn, I knew that the revelation which could so accurately depict the malady and prescribe the cure, fitting them together as the wards of lock and key, must be divine. Again and again rose to my mind that consoling promise, rendered the more solemn by the conditions attached to it—"Whosoever will *do* the will of God, shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or not." I was learning it, and a sweeter peace than I ever expected brooded sometimes over my spirit. Victor was very kind; in the words he spoke I might believe; if they were not endearing they were always gentle. Guidance, except in material matters, I could not look for from him; no woman can who is wedded to a man whose religious principles are feeble than her own. Perhaps I did him injustice, never having really approached his mind on serious subjects. When we married, that point was lost sight of, or taken for granted, a mistake only too common, and often discovered too late to repair one's marred and blighted happiness. Victor was not what is termed irreligious, but, as far as I could judge, his religious duties consisted in a regular attendance at church, with the children, once on the Sunday. That might mean something, or it might mean nothing at all. He was a Demarcay, the nephew of his uncle, though not a favourite; and, in my estimation, now that I knew the colonel better, there was a taint upon the name.

On considering the respective characters of Miss Everett and Demarcay Evans, I began to condemn the rashness by which I had raised hopes in the latter not likely to be realised. If Miss Everett sent him away with tears, it was but too sure that she sacrificed her love to principle. And this I after-

wards found to be true. Demarcay was rejected, not because he was unloved, but because he was too dear; too dear to struggle against, and too strong in his own opinions for her successfully to resist. "I could not marry a man whose thoughts were only for this world," she said once, when the subject was mentioned between us. "The affection and devotion of his whole life, even could he have kept his promise, would only have increased the sorrow and burden of mine. We could not live happily together, for with me would have been the ever-present thought that we were going different ways, and that our hands must unclasp at the last, and each depart to a different and eternal home. I could not bear the misery of such an union, nor the agony of such a separation. Now, if not happy as some are on this beautiful earth, my conscience is at peace, and I can pray for him with all the more earnestness that I am seeking his welfare irrespective of my own."

As may be supposed, my letter to recall Demarcay was never written. I was obliged to abandon his cause, and could only give him a sympathy which was as unavailing as sincere. There was no gain-saying the arguments brought forward by Miss Everett; they were strong enough not to stifle feeling, for her heart was often sore, but to keep her patient and un murmuring. I hope Demarcay found some other form of happiness to replace the passionate desires of his early manhood. Miss Everett thought he would, telling me what often afterwards proved a consolation to myself, that impetuous natures demand vehemently at one time what may be little valued at another; and as for herself, "Well," she would say, with a sweet smile, though it might be a little mournful, "agitated waters are often hushed into a great calm after the wind has been contrary."

Christmas came and went, bringing some changes in Lornedale. With the colonel's convalescence began my introduction to the hospitalities of the neighbourhood. Every family who visited at Lornedale gave a dinner in my honour, and was of course invited in return. Finding my orders upon the dressmaker's and milliner's too modest when the bills came in, the colonel censured me for stinginess, and not only told Victor to see that the same thing did not happen again, but even condescended to select some costly vanities for me, which occasioned the arrival of several cases, the contents of which caused joy to Adams and surprise to Bertha. In the richness of the outward trappings which were to add to Mrs. Demarcay's adornment, it seems I far outshone my predecessor. "My sister was never so distinguished; see what it is to be a favourite!" Bertha would sometimes say in a half-sneering tone, purporting to be complimentary, as at the colonel's request I donned some new object of luxury or finery, though, had I followed my own taste, I should have thought myself superb in a plain black velvet dress, simply because Victor once said it became me.

Mrs. Rogers and her daughter lived on at Lornedale, and were to remain there until they took possession of Ivy Cottage, which Miss Everett was soon to vacate. I should have preferred their settling farther off. Whatever it might be to Victor, this close proximity was not altogether agreeable to me. Though never aggressively unpleasant, Mrs. Rogers placed me at a disadvantage. By constantly maintaining her hold on Victor's affection, she kept him in a filial

dependence hostile to the growth of my legitimate influence. I wanted no surrender of old memories, nor of the sweetnesses that linger round them, yet it was particularly hard to have them perpetually brought forward, deepened by continual contact with some recollection from Bertha or some regret from her mother, and thus, by the almost fortuitous circumstance of residence, to be deprived of the dimming effect of time, the natural auxiliary whence every second wife may expect to have a few disadvantages thrown behind her. True to my resolution, I had entirely ceased all covert reproaches and bitter innuendoes. Whether Victor knew it or not, there was a solid peace between us which I hoped, nay, determined, should never be broken or marred by any fancies of mine, or by the graver thoughts I might choose to indulge.

After the departure of Demarcay, Miss Everett and I drew much together, and the intimacy I so much desired sprang up between us. It was of great benefit to me, as well as to Patrick, in whose sick room, during the latter part of his illness, she was a frequent visitor. When her intention to leave Halstead was made known, it was received with one note of universal lamentation. Many were the humble friends who grieved over the loss which they fancied would never be made up to them in this world. "It is difficult to make a tree grow in a new place," said one. "And why should she want to go away when her mother died and was buried here?" said another. "Who will love her more than we do? Why will she go when she might live here always? It is only for her to choose to stay, and she would stay," said a third. This had reference to Mr. Kingston, whose pretensions to her time and affections had, it was surmised, brought about her determination to change her home and seek another sphere of usefulness. Good and worthy as he was, the grey-headed bachelor of fifty was not likely to make her forget Demarcay. She had shut him out of her heart, but she could not give his place to another. To do him justice, the rector bore his disappointment bravely, and was heard to wonder at his own temerity. "What made me do it? What made me do it?" he would say, regretfully. And hoping to keep Miss Everett among us, he one day went and apologised for having asked her to become his wife, assuring her that if she would but overlook it, all things should go on as they were before, and that he would be quite satisfied with her friendship. "Stay and resume your helpful ways among my parishioners, and forget that I ever lost my senses," pleaded Mr. Kingston. "Be to my poor what you used to be, and I shall be able to enjoy my books again." Mr. Kingston's pursuit was certainly not of that ardent nature to drive Miss Everett away, though in his simplicity he thought it was, in spite of her assurance to the contrary. Her own explanation was that she went for her health's sake, for a change that might be salutary; perhaps there was another reason—to facilitate the wrenching away of other and less gentle memories than those connected with her mother. Be that as it may, she desired a change of scene and a new sphere of labour. Accordingly she left Halstead, went to London, and took the superintendence of one of those "Homes" where, possessing sweetness as well as cleverness, she was likely to carry on an excellent work. To me she was a great loss, for in her society I grew better and wiser. Interests beginning to assume their proper proportions,

my temper and expectations were better regulated; trifles did not rise into mounds with such celerity, nor did every other lot appear so much brighter and happier than my own. She wrote to me sometimes precious letters, because, in conveying good accounts of herself, they usually contained some small portion of encouragement for me. It was long before I could visit Ivy Cottage without a pang—not till a total change of circumstances took place, so tender and ineffaceable were the associations connected with it.

In all these months I had made little progress with the children; none at all with Hubert, except that he was more neutral. Either some influence had been exerted to repress his partisanship towards Grover, or his own sense of justice disposed him to give me fair play. For some time past he had ceased all overt acts of rudeness, but the gaining of his affection was as far off as ever. He would wish me "good night" from a certain distance with his little hand extended so as to touch mine, but nothing more, and the spring came without my having ventured to give him a caress. Once, when finding some unintelligible entries in her weekly book, I asked Grover to explain them, she burst forth into a torrent of indignation over the indignity to which she was subjected, "And from a stranger, too," she sobbed, "who, not loving the children as I do, grudges them every little pleasure and comfort I like to give them. My poor motherless children! Your dear mamma would never have wished me to be so economical; she would have wished you to have everything that was necessary."

I might have said that I did the same, but what would words or protestations avail with a cantankerous spirit like hers? Disdaining to notice her inuendoes, I left the room without appearing to hear them, but nevertheless observed their effect upon Hubert. He drew up his head with flashing eyes directed towards me, and placed himself erect against the wall at the farthest corner of the room. As he would not formerly have contented himself with this, I could only think that some authority—and whose should that be but his father's?—prevented those violent outbursts to which he used to give way in my presence.

After repeated efforts, I succeeded in convincing Victor and Mrs. Rogers of the expediency of sending Hubert to school, though not in fixing the time for it. Mrs. Rogers did not like the experiment to be made while the days were short, and Victor could not part with him just yet, so the proposition would have fallen through but for Colonel Demarcay, who, setting aside all other opinions, decided that the delay should on no account go beyond midsummer. Grover's views had evidently been reflected into Hubert's mind, colouring it after her own fashion.

"So you want me to be sent to school?" said he, meeting me alone, after the communication had been made to him, and with a hard look for so young a child.

"Yes; that you may become a clever boy."

"It is only when nurse is angry and wants to get rid of me that she talks of sending me to school," he answered, regarding me steadily, and with a little ferocity also.

"They send good boys to school as well as naughty ones," I replied. "The difference is that good ones are benefited by the care and instruction they receive, and grow into good men, esteemed and beloved;

whereas the others get into disgrace, and become perhaps worse men than they were boys."

"I don't want to be a good man," said the child, defiantly, watching me narrowly, prepared to resist whatever might be said in the way of lecture or remonstrance.

"No? Well, then, you never will be one, nor wise, nor anything that is noble or honourable. I think I see Grover and Nora waiting for you on the lawn."

Passing immediately out of the hall where we had met, I had scarcely time to sit down when he followed me—a rare thing, as he only entered the drawing-room at stated times in the day. His face was flushed—I should say with the incipient pride of a high spirit that would not content itself to be little thought of, or to have its naughtiness disregarded.

"I don't want to be good," he said, "but I should not mind being wise—my big cousin is wise."

"God forbid you should ever be wise like him!" was the earnest exclamation of my heart, but I spoke calmly. "Wise! You cannot be really wise without trying also to be good, as I will show you, if you will bring me that little book on the table in the corner."

He stood a second, doubting whether he should prolong the conversation or join Grover. It was as strange to me as to him to be talking together without any one else near us. Had I repeated my request he would probably have dropped the subject and run away, but as I bent over my work, apparently indifferent about continuing it, he brought me the book.

"Can you read that?" I asked, indicating a particular passage.

"Of course I can." Grover having constantly flattered him and praised his reading, he was rather proud of it. Taking care to stand sufficiently aloof that I might not see over the book, he began, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

"What is wisdom, Hubert?" asked I, when he had finished the verse.

Without answering, he looked at me shyly for a moment, with the colour mantling deeper on his cheek, like a child caught in some act of guilt, and then throwing down the book, he turned and ran away. At the door he stopped, and darting back, picked up my handkerchief, which his rapid movements had sent fluttering to the ground, thrust it on to my lap, and clattered again to the door, which he now shut with a violence that would have sadly outraged his uncle. Though I could not succeed in establishing friendly relations with him, I had yet been able to give him a little lesson without offending him. One seed had fallen upon soil which, if uncultivated, was not bad. There was no saying that it would never bear fruit. That evening Hubert stood by me for a few seconds of his own accord, and his "good night" was said not so far off as usual. Dimly dawned the hope that when Grover's influence should be replaced by one more just, and when principles of right and wrong, irrespective of her estimation of her personal claims, should be inculcated, there would be some chance of my winning a place in his esteem, if not in his love. But for that my hot, impatient heart must wait, as well as for many other things. Patient waiting, or waiting till the great virtue of patience is acquired, is often a needed discipline, and one for which we live to be thankful.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

I.

FEW things are more wonderful than the advance made within our own times in the amount of knowledge respecting days of old. The discoveries at Nineveh, at Thebes, at Ephesus, at Pompeii, at Rome, enable us to form truthful pictures of the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Asiatic Greeks, and the ancient Italians, such as our fathers knew nothing of. Indeed, we have recovered stores of information lost for ages—buried under mounds, locked up in tombs, and covered with ruins, through long generations. As by some magic wand, the secrets of subterranean chambers are brought to light, the dust of centuries is swept away, and the dead start up to life again. We are brought into fellowship with men who breathed two or three thousand years ago; they pass before us; we witness their ways; we hear their voices.

It is a small matter after these marvels to say that also our acquaintance with our ancestors, within the shores of old England, is much more intimate than it used to be. Within our own recollection, how much has been achieved by archæological research in this respect. How many relics of antiquity have been recovered and skilfully arranged so as to bring within view, under vivid aspects, the men and women, and the habits and customs, with the scenes and the incidents of other days. But beyond all sources of information relative to our own country are the manuscripts which have been found *hidden* in public offices, in ecclesiastical libraries, and in all sorts of neglected rooms, forgotten closets, and worm-eaten trunks. Piles of State papers, bundles of old deeds, packets upon packets of familiar letters, and heap after heap of indescribable writings, have been dragged out of obscurity and placed before the student, so as to make him feel that, though most of the grand old landmarks of history remain unaltered, some points need rectification, and that descriptions of national life, for three centuries at least, have to be written over again in the illumination shed through the re-opening of so many windows. If these discoveries do not excite astonishment, such as is experienced by what we learn of other lands before the Christian era, they produce a deeper and livelier interest, because they appeal to our patriotism and our home attachments. They revive veneration for men and women who lived in cities, towns, and villages where we live, who inhabited houses with which we are familiar, and who left behind them names we could not willingly let die.

Public taste has of late been turned in this direction by the labours of learned men employed in the Record Office. What valuable documents have they collected and arranged, calendared and described, and brought within the reach of authors, who, by these helps, have enriched our popular literature with new histories and biographies. But another and scarcely less important undertaking is now in progress, worthy of the widest publicity, respect, and gratitude. In 1869 a Royal Commission was entrusted to the Master of the Rolls, the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Stanhope, and other persons, distinguished not only by rank, but by zeal for literature, with the following object in view. Inasmuch as there are existing, in

many institutions and private families, collections of manuscripts and papers of general public interest, a knowledge of which would be of great utility; and because it had been ascertained that many possessors of such treasures were willing they should be made public, the Commissioners received authority to inquire respecting such papers and manuscripts, and to procure copies, abstracts, or catalogues of them. Accordingly, qualified inspectors were chosen by the Commissioners to carry on their work; and, acting upon the instructions received, they have been busily engaged in visiting our universities, our cathedrals, our abbeys, and other ecclesiastical institutions; also the castles of the nobility and the mansions of others possessing documents of value and interest. During the short time which has elapsed since the Commission began, no less than five folio volumes have been published, containing reports of visits paid to various places, catalogues of papers of all descriptions, abstracts of numerous documents, and copies of many letters, some of which throw fresh light on points of history. Of course, a number of items appear of little general interest, and in a multitude of instances curiosity is aroused without being gratified, owing to the meagre information afforded; but, in cases beyond what we can number, definite information is conveyed, so bright and ample that we can form comprehensive ideas of subjects to which the manuscripts relate. In turning over the pages of these volumes, shades of the departed come anew before our eyes, amid scenes and circumstances portrayed in vivid colours. We are anxious that our readers should share in this pleasure, and we intend, therefore, to contribute a series of illustrations drawn from these abundant sources.

The historical documents in the House of Lords are the first noticed. Some years ago we were engaged in inquiries which rendered it desirable to ascertain whether any Parliamentary papers could be found connected with the Act of Uniformity, passed in 1662. One of the learned librarians collected all which he could discover bearing on the subject, and we still possess copies of amendments and other notes thus obtained, which have been of considerable use in threading the labyrinth of that important story. Soon afterwards, the long-lost copy of the Prayer-book, attached to the Act, was discovered; and since then, the agents of the Historical Commission have been at work on an immense store of writings found in the Upper House. Some letters by King Charles, included amongst those taken at the Battle of Naseby, about which so much was said at the time and so much has been written since, have been "unearthed," and there they are in the Report, some in English, some in French, some interlined, some unaltered, some in plain language, others in cypher, of which an interpretation is given. We read in them, royal fears and hopes, political suspicions and jealousies, and much tender affection towards Queen Henrietta, whom Charles addresses as his "Deare hart." Matters in Scotch history are illustrated by documents described in the Fourth Report, which includes an account of papers relating to Archbishop Laud's Visitations—to the notorious

case of Peter Smart and Dr. Cosens, afterwards Bishop of Durham; and to the mission of John Dury, to effect a reconciliation between the foreign Lutherans and Calvinists, in which Laud seems to have taken a deep interest. Still more striking is the communication made in the Fifth Report (p. 6):—

"Many letters have come to light respecting the different incidents in the Civil War, and the most eminent agents who figured in them; also numerous papers referring to the Irish Rebellion; letters from Laud during his imprisonment in the Tower, showing the needless hardships to which he was subjected; and many papers which illustrate the violence of the religious parties of the period. Under the date of August 17, 1643, appears a petition from three messengers, asking for some reward for the number of Papists they have been the means of bringing to trial. In a list of the victims annexed, it appears that six were executed, eight reprieved by the king, while others were outlawed or effected their escape. The outrages committed in Canterbury Cathedral are graphically described in a letter from Dr. Paske, dated August 30, 1642, from whose account it appears that the soldiers overthrew the communion-table, defaced the screen, violated the monuments of the dead, spoiled the organs, broke down the rails, and destroyed the surplices and prayer-books, strewing them all over the pavement."

"The Hatton Collection" of papers we find early on the list of documents belonging to private persons; and as they fill thirteen chests, their number altogether is very great. They were all in confusion when first examined; Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman instruments lying side by side with sixteenth and seventeenth century charters; while political papers and domestic letters were intermingled in perfect chaos. Now arranged, they may be easily used, and a large amount of curious and useful information is brought within reach. For instance, there are notices of the visit to Windsor, in James II's reign, of the pope's nuncio; also of the king's reception at Oxford, and the affair at Magdalen College. Next comes the story of the seven bishops, and an eye-witness says: "So to Lambeth, there was the greatest throng of people that I ever saw (ten deep on each side on their knees begging their blessing), and the hugest hallo and huzza re-echoing from one shore to the other as ever I heard" (Rep. i. 22). There is a letter about dividing Hatton Garden into plots; another about a bishop neglecting his duties; a third about the famous Duke of Shrewsbury's fondness for fox-hunting; a fourth about the scarcity of money, and the low prices of corn, wool, cattle, etc.

Lord Mostyn's collection of news (p. 44) is very amusing. No "Times," "Daily Telegraph," "Daily News," or "Standard" existed in those days; but some one in London had "correspondents" all over the kingdom, who picked up what intelligence they could, and forwarded it to him, whilst he himself frequented coffee-houses and other places, and listened to the gossip, which he put together in what were called "News Letters," to be dispatched to country customers. Duels, murders, fires, accidents, proceedings in Parliament, and trials in courts of justice, figure there in odd connection. Nell Gwynn, the Popish plot, executions in Pall Mall, and the great fire in the Temple, 1678, when the "Devil's Tavern" escaped the flames, are jumbled with other things in a diverting manner. A little further on, in the same

Report (p. 50), we light on a list of bundles preserved in the country seat of Sir John Salusbury Trelawny, at Trelawne, in Cornwall. They were discovered behind the wainscot of a room, as it underwent repair a few years ago. There are several letters from Pentecost Barker to Harry Trelawny. In one he wonders "that no one had translated the 'Moyen de Parvenir,' which he had been reading. It would sell better than Whitfield's sermons." In one dated 1757 he remarks, "Face painting declines at Court, but gains ground in the City."

In very out-of-the-way holes and corners, some of the articles catalogued were discovered. In Stanford Court, Worcestershire, is a library at the top of the house, under the roof. "A large and wonderful chamber, paneled throughout with dark oak, on which, under semicircular headings, are many three-quarter portraits, life-size, of various members of the family in the time of Queen Elizabeth." There have been found correspondence carried on with Romish priests, a narrative of discoveries in the Northern Seas, written in the seventeenth century, and "A Dialogue between a melancholly, dreaming Hermit, a mutinous, brained sick Soldier, and a busie, tedious Secretarie, delivered in a speech before Queen Elizabeth, by the Earl of Essex, 7th November, 1595" (p. 54).

At Montacute House, in Somersetshire, a fine mansion, built in the reign of Elizabeth, are divers papers (p. 57) pertaining to one Sir Robert Phelipps, a member of Parliament, and a man of ability, who made a noise in the world in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. He accompanied Sir John Digby to Spain, when engaged on the unpopular match of Prince Charles with the Infanta, Donna Maria; he relates his adventures in an amusing way. Coaches were sent to meet the embassy at different places, but attention, such as was expected, did not always appear. Once, when proceeding from Burgos, proper arrangements had not been made by the Spanish authorities; "the 'corygidor' offered an apology," but my lord, says Phelipps, "not willing to take such payment for current, assured him that he was so sensible of this affront, that he had rather return many times back as far as England, than advance one step" farther until some punishment had been inflicted on the proper parties for their neglect. Hasty accommodation had to be provided, and with difficulty a house was found; and, as the Spaniards say, it was *Casa sin estoca*, not having in it so much as a stick, which made Sir John Digby more angry than before; and he told an apologising alguazil to get out of his way, or he would do him the courtesy to *echarle fuerà de la ventana* (i.e.), throw him out of the window. A grand dignitary of the court hearing of this, whilst blaming the neglect of his subordinates, felt much chagrined at the envoy's language.

"He was sorry the ambassador should so use the King of Spain's servants, as to threaten to throw them out of window; they were not to be handled in such sort, and his lordship was too choleric and high of disposition." At last they reached the court, and were received in a comely fashion: he "found the king in a long room, attended by some grandees and other titulados." The dinner did not please Sir John. "Our dinner was no feast, nor our hands long enough for those gentlemen which attended at that time on my lord; nor had we variety of company: the old Conde was

our only conversation. Welcomed in this state, we remained till the sports were over, which, because we had no other interest than as beholders, and that by chance, too, I do forbear to insist upon their particular description." Further complaints follow, after they had seen the infanta, that they had not "as many coaches as were necessary for their troop." Indeed, the English seem to have been in an ill-humour all the way through. Perhaps Sir Robert over-coloured the picture. Discourtesies on the way back are described before the singularly querulous reporter gets to the end of his story, which, if told in England after the fashion in which it is told in the document, must have increased the unpopularity of the Spanish match. By the way, in the Third Report, this same Sir Robert turns up again in 1618, and a letter of that date, written from Madrid, must have given him satisfaction, for the writer told him, "All at Madrid was half out of joint by the violent proceedings of Sir Walter Raleigh (a thorough Spanish hater), whose purpose, doubtless, like to some of his abettors, was to mar the marriage at least, if not to break the peace: so to fish for their intents in troubled waters. A late under-secretary to the Conde de Lemos has written a paper against the marriage, pretending it to be unlawful by all the texts of the Bible" (p. 282). In the August of 1634, addressed probably to the same gentleman, a passage occurs like what we find in the newspapers now at the same season. London is empty. "A dull and dead time here when both the king and queen are absent and in progress. Westminster Hall shut up, the Exchange but rarely frequented, and the streets thin; in regard most people of quality are gone to take the fresh air of the country." The writer subjoins a postscript, "Since I writ this, I hear by a gentleman lately come from court that the king hath had a dangerous fall hunting in the Forest of Sherwood, his horse drawing him after him by one of his legs, but is now, thanks to God, past any danger" (p. 283).

Spencer House, St. James's Square, contains a large collection of letters belonging to the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries (ii. 12); the Duchess of Marlborough is one of the correspondents. In 1742 she abuses the Government; mentions their having raised a million for the Queen of Hungary; declares they will borrow more; but she adds, "It will do nothing with me." In one of the boxes in this mansion is a copy of the epitaph, by Soame Jenyns, on Dr. Johnson:—

"Here lies poor Johnson: reader, have a care;
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear.
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, rude, and vain;
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute;
A scholar, and a Christian, and a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy,
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote and talked, and coughed and spit."

In the same box are papers with the following memoranda, 1776, November 9: "A new fashion for ladies of illuminated heads; head-dresses made of evergreens and lamps; a new invention heard of by him by a confectioner and toyman (Pinchbeck), 1777.

"Electrical apparatus at the Pantheon to show that pointed conductors invite lightning and produce evil; and his Majesty ordered Mr. Wilson, the great electrical performer on the occasion, to take down all the pointed conductors of Dr. Franklin, and place blunted ones in their room at the Queen's house. . . . No less than 400 drums and many thousand yards of wire in the apparatus. . . . It is to be hoped there is no party-spirit in the business. . . . Miss Hannah More, whose essays your ladyship did not much fancy, has written a good tragedy lately. . . . The subject from 'Chevy Chase,' the quarrels between the Scotch and the English" (p. 13).

In another box are letters of great interest; one from Lord Falkland, written at Oxford, without the date of the year (probably 1642), in which he says, "I would willingly flatter myself with an opinion of the possibility that a treaty may yet end all; for never to be in London, or to enter it by force, are equally dreadful to me;" and another, most likely written by Kent, the artist, dated 1738, November 28, in which he says, "My service to Mr. Bethell, and tell him his friend Pope is the greatest glutton I know. He now talks of the many good things he can make; he told me of a soup that must be seven hours a-making. He dined with Mr. Murray and Lady Betty, and was very drunk last Sunday night. He says if he comes to town, he'll teach him how to live and leave off his roasted apples and water" (p. 19).

Amongst the manuscripts of J. J. Rogers, Esq., of Penrose, Cornwall, is a letter dated 12th June, 1685 (p. 99), in which a man named Rogers gives an account of a journey he took into the west at the time of Monmouth's Rebellion. We follow him to Branford (which we recognise as the well-known town of mud), where he falls in with one of the bedchamber men of Charles II, travelling with two servants, well armed. At night we reach Bagshot, and on Thursday overtake an Irishman, Captain Sashfield, who also has his two servants. Resting at Sutton for the night, we reach Salisbury, where the streets exhibit war signs. Five companies of infantry, with eight pieces of cannon, march into the city from Portsmouth. At Dorchester, on Saturday, we overtake Colonel Kirke's regiment of foot, with sixty lords and gentlemen, well horsed and armed; and on Sunday they all march to Chard, being informed that the rebellious duke is at Taunton. Then comes a report that he is at Bridgewater; and, at once, all the forces at Chard, about 2,500 in number, Lord Oxford's regiment of volunteers, about 100, join the Duke of Albemarle, who, with 10,000 men, is lying at Williton. Thus we find ourselves amidst the dust, din, and uproar of a civil war, and there are marches and countermarches, ambushes and surprises. Bright helmets and blazing uniforms pass by, filling towns-people and villagers now with consternation and then with curiosity. "Friday last," says our informant, "about sixteen or seventeen horses of Monmouth's met with about the same number of Lord Oxford's. All but two of the former killed; on our side only the lieutenant." Monmouth's party daily declines, and thirty Honiton gentlemen, suspected of sympathising with the rebels, are taken prisoners and kept from mischief. In October a news letter tells us of people condemned and under sentence at Taunton Castle Gaol and Bridewell; no one place large enough to hold them at Ilchester, Wells,

Bridgewater, and at Exeter and Dorchester. "In all 839 to be transported; 322 to be executed; and 45 to be pardoned."

Many documents brought to light by the Commission relate to Scotland. At Glamis Castle, a name full of romance, are papers belonging to the Earl of Strathmore, rich in records of ancient date (p. 185). Patrick, third Earl of Kinghorne, succeeded his father, amidst the Civil War of 1646, when a child only four years old. He was chiefly remarkable for his wonderful spirit of improvement and refined tastes, and to him the castle, one of the richest examples of Scotch architecture, owes its characteristic features and general tone. Papers are preserved, including contracts for the new building. His plans for gardening and adornment are detailed, and inventories occur of furniture, plate, pictures, dresses, and jewels. In his "Book of Record" there are particulars of his personal history. The following extract from the Commission's Report is full of interest:—

"Shortly before his death, which occurred in 1695, he granted a deed setting forth the many difficulties which had beset his progress through life, and withal the many blessings for which he had to be thankful, in consideration whereof he resolved to build four 'lodges' near the Kirkcoun of Glamis for the use of four aged men of his own surname, if they could be found, and failing them, to such decayed tenants as had been reduced to want without their own fault, to each of whom he mortified yearly four bolls of oatmeal, and twenty-five marks, Scots money, with a 'new whyte coloured wyd cloath coat lyned with blew serge once everie thrie years.'

"The four men were to frequent the parish church, and wait always at the church dore when we goe there, and at their own dores whenever we shall have occasion to pass by, if they be not imployed abroad And that they shall be holden (if sickness and infirmity do not hinder) to repair every day, once, at the tuelth hour of the day, to our buriall place (whereof a key shall be given to each in comen), and a forme of prayer to be read by them by turns, by such of them as can read, and if they cannot read, that they learne the same by heart."

The papers at Trinity College, Glendalmond—we are still in Scotland—pertain to the condition of the Episcopal Church in that country before and after the Revolution of 1688. Alexander Rose, the last Established Bishop of Edinburgh, gives a curious detailed account of his mission to London in December of the Revolution year (p. 203).

Afterwards he waited on the Prince of Orange at Whitehall, through the introduction of the Bishop of London. While waiting, the bishop, "directing his discourse to me, said, 'My lord, you see that the king having thrown himself upon the water, must keep himself a-swimming with one hand; the Presbyterians have joined him closely, and offer to support him, and therefore he cannot cast them off, unless he could see how otherwise he can be served. And the king bids me tell you, that he now knows the state of Scotland much better than he did when he was in Holland; for while there he was made believe that Scotland generally all over was Presbyterian, but now he sees that the great body of the nobility and gentry are for Episcopacy, and 'tis the trading and inferior sort that are for Presbytery; wherefore he bids me tell you that if you will undertake to serve him to the purpose that he is served here in England, he will take you by the hand, sup-

port the church and order, and throw off the Presbyterians.' My answer to this was, 'My lord, I cannot but humbly thank the prince for this frankness and offer; but withal I must tell your lordship that when I came from Scotland neither my brethren nor I apprehended any such revolution as I have now seen in England, and therefore I neither was nor could be instructed by them what answer to make to the prince's offer; and therefore what I say is not in their name, but only my private opinion, which is, that I truly think they will not serve the prince so as he is served in England, that is (as I take it), to make him their king, or give their suffrage for his being king. And though, as to this matter, I can say nothing in their name, and as from them, yet for myself I must say, that rather than do so I will abandon all the interest that either I have or may expect to have in Britain.' Upon this the bishop commended my openness and ingenuity, and said he believed it was so; for, says he, 'All this time you have been here, neither have you waited on the king, nor have any of your brethren, the Scotch bishops, made any address to him. So the king must be excused for standing by the Presbyterians.'

"When Rose was admitted to the king's presence, he came three or four steps forward from his company, and prevented me by saying, 'My lord, are you going for Scotland?' My reply was, 'Yes, sir, if you have any commands for me.' Then he said, 'I hope you will be kind to me, and follow the example of England.' Wherefore, being somewhat diffculted how to make a mannerly and discreet answer, without entangling myself, I readily replied, 'Sir, I will serve you so far as law, reason, or conscience shall allow me.' How this answer pleased I cannot well tell, but it seems the limitations and conditions of it were not acceptable, for instantly the prince, without saying anything more, turned away from me and went back to his company."

Cathedrals have been explored by the agents of this valuable Commission. The Dean and Chapter of Wells, for example, afford many interesting mummings for examination; and amongst a number of "separate little parchment pamphlets," so to speak, now tacked together, are notes of information which bring before us quaint scenes of the Middle Ages. Under date 1338, are two instances named of women confessing their immorality before the bishop's officer, for which they are condemned each to walk barefoot twice round her own parish church. A rule appears that each canon of the cathedral, when beginning residence, "shall honourably cause the dean and chapter, according to his means, to be entertained with meat and drink." That, at a subsequent period, was commuted into an oyster feast; and "on the 5th of March, 1339, about the hour of vespers, two vicars of the church of Wells appeared before the bishop at his hall at Wokey, and presented him, in the name of the dean and chapter, with a loaf, a pig, and a bottle of mead, in part, as they asserted, of two loaves, two pigs, and two bottles of mead, which were properly due each year to the church of Wells, from the abbot and convent of Glastonbury. The bishop received the offering as due to him, in the name of his church, and then ordered the various items to be distributed among the poor" (i. 93).

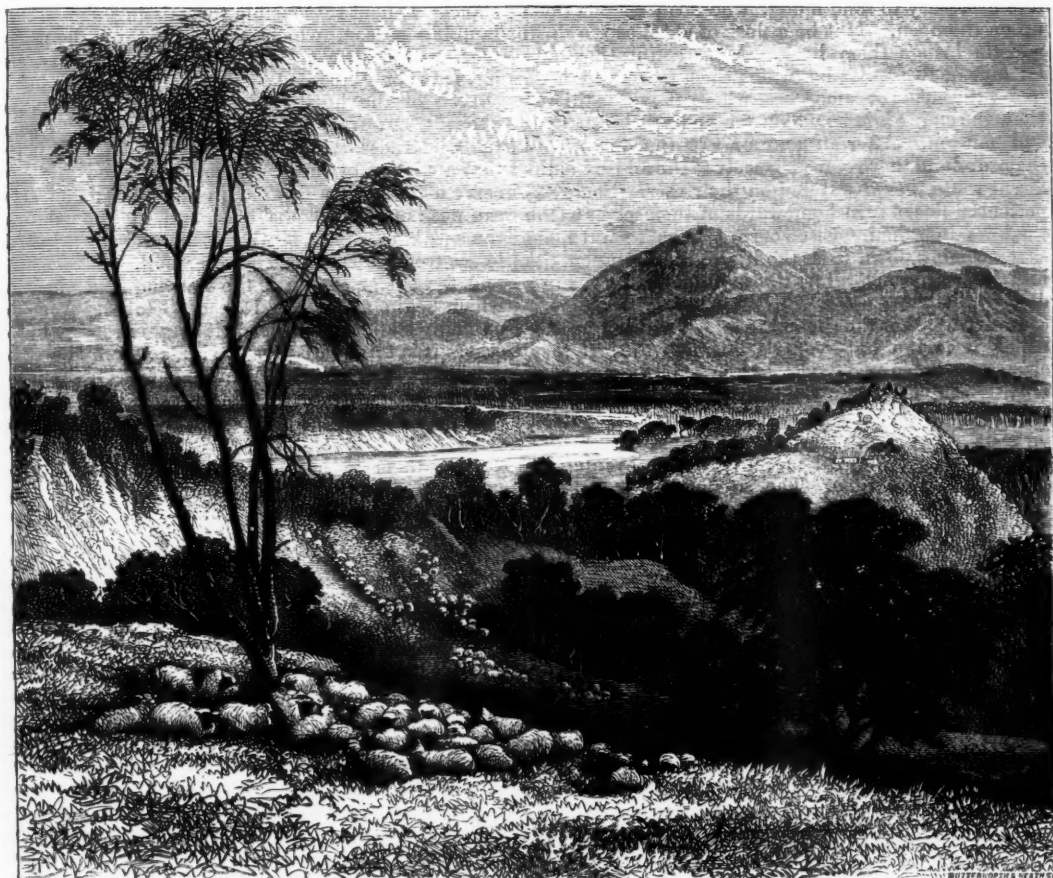
Here, for the present, we close our notices, thankful for the valuable service to archaeological literature rendered by this Royal Commission.

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

AUSTRALIA FELIX: IMPRESSIONS OF VICTORIA.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD.

VI.



THE UPPER GOULBURN, VICTORIA.

ON the way to Geelong I made a divergence of thirty miles from the stage road to visit one of the many "Macs" who emigrated from the Highlands twenty years ago. He landed at Melbourne at the age of forty-three, with a wife, four boys, and two girls, the eldest eighteen and the youngest six, and with £2 15s. in his pocket. He could read and write only tolerably, and spoke English imperfectly, but had a good knowledge of shepherding as it is in Ross-shire, and an excellent character for honesty and sobriety. He was at once engaged to go up the country, a journey of a fortnight in a bullock-dray, and for some years was content with life in a desert, and no other society than four fellow-shepherds, three of whom were at distances of several miles, each with the charge of 1,200 sheep. He did not care for shops, towns, or drinking-places, but sorely missed the "kirk" and the "communion seasons" of home. His wages were £45 a year, with weekly rations of ten pounds of meat, ten of flour, two of sugar, and six ounces of tea. The pay of a hut-keeper is about

£5 per annum less, but with the same rations; and as Mac's wife acted as hut-keeper (a usual arrangement where there is a married shepherd), their yearly income was very considerably in advance of their expenses, and their savings were considerable.

The routine of a shepherd's life was and is much as follows:—Two flocks are usually hurdled together at night, but are driven in different directions in the daytime. A shepherd must not be a stupid man, but must possess the faculty of generally intelligent observation, as well as quick eyes and sharp ears. He has to get up before sunrise, and the first thing done is to make plenty of strong tea, fry a quantity of meat, and eat a breakfast fit for a ploughman's dinner. The shepherd and his pipe, not the reed-pipe of a Corydon, but the short, well-browned cutty-pipe of the inveterate smoker, are as inseparable as the shepherd and his dog, and the pipe is lighted before the man goes forth with the dog to let the sheep out of the fold. The best sheep land is barren of all but grass and clumps of trees for shade at noon.

On such land the overseer points out the day's feeding place, and the shepherd conducts the flock along leisurely, taking care to spread them well over the ground. His business is to follow them all day, just keeping them well in sight, only interfering to prevent them from getting into thick scrub, which he does in some cases by heading them, but with lambs it is necessary to send a dog, who soon rounds them up on the open. If it be a flock of old sheep, a shrill whistle brings them back. After eating their way for four or five miles he brings them to rest at noon under the shade of some trees, where they lie still and chew the cud, while he makes tea and eats his damper and mutton. After an hour or two the dog rouses them up, and they return leisurely to the fold by a different route, being watered on their way. Some experienced flocks turn homewards of themselves as the shadows lengthen. Elsewhere I have seen 12,000 sheep coming down from the high grounds upon the fold in long, converging lines, untended by man or dog.

In dry weather the sheep are folded within hurdles, which it is the hut-keeper's business to shift to a clean spot every two days; but in rain they are frequently camped out on a slope, with a good fire as a centre of attraction. As soon as they are folded they lie down and chew the cud, and, unless disturbed, never get up till morning. The evening is usually a leisure time. The shepherd eats a huge supper, a baked leg or shoulder of mutton with a batter-pudding under it, damper or scones, potatoes, and tea, and if, as in Mac's case, he is anything of a gardener, onions, radishes, cucumbers, water-melons, and pumpkin pies accompany the substantial meal. On fine nights, if the dogs are good, the sheep only need a look now and then till midnight, when the hut-keeper, with a loaded musket, takes his place in a box by the fold, where, if all goes well, he often falls asleep with a pipe in his mouth. On dark, windy nights, however, he must keep walking round the hurdles, mallet in hand, to see that they are not blown down, and keep his dogs on the alert for dingoes. When a shepherd is married, his wife frequently acts as hut-keeper, and in this case the shepherds arrange to take the night watching between them, and frequently the wife and older children watch the flocks at noon, while the men get a long sleep.

The great enemy of the shepherd was, and in some districts still is, the dingo, or native dog, a wretched-looking animal, more like a great fox than either dog or wolf, with a bushy tail and a very offensive odour. The dingo is a thorough sneak and coward, and preyed only on the smaller indigenous animals till the white man introduced him to fowls and mutton, luxuries which he now spares no pains to obtain. Night is the time for his depredations, and he prowls round the sheepfold during the small hours, endeavouring to penetrate or gnaw through the hurdles, and terrifying the sheep by his unearthly howls and yells. In the daytime, if the shepherd be asleep or neglecting his duty, the dingo occasionally rushes through the flock, biting right and left, inflicting fatal wounds, injuring numbers of the sheep merely by scaring them, and driving others into thickets from which they are never recovered. The shooting of a dingo wherever he is seen is as binding an obligation on every settler as is the killing of every snake which crosses his path. In consequence of the general crusade this wretched creature has disappeared from the older settled districts.

The shepherds' huts or "out-stations" are placed at distances of about six miles from each other, and two shepherds and a hut-keeper live in each. There are seldom more than 1,500 sheep in one flock. The distance travelled daily for grazing is from eight to ten miles. The flocks are counted at intervals, and the shepherd, except under certain special circumstances, is held responsible for missing sheep. The lambing season, which continues throughout September, is rather a busy time, as the weakly ewes have to be separated every morning, and left in charge of the hut-keeper. There is little anxiety about it, however, and no risk of the lambs born in the wilderness dying from damp or cold. It is true that a species of hawk has to be watched, for it can carry off a lamb a day old in its claws; and crows can peck out the lambs' eyes, and in some districts the sneaking dingo is always on the alert, but the losses from all these causes are small.

A far busier season is the washing and shearing, which begin about the 15th of October. Washing on many stations is a very elaborate process, but on others it is totally dispensed with, as there is a ready market for greasy wool. While Mac was a shepherd, various sheep-washing contrivances were in use, such as douching the sheep with water from a spout, driving them to and fro through running water, sousing them in hot soda and water, etc.; but an arrangement which I saw in operation on a large station is gradually superseding all others. Each sheep is put into a tank of water at 110°, or as hot as may be borne without injury, and held there by two men till a quantity of the grease and dirt runs out of the fleece. The animal is then rushed up a passage into a box, and while cold water descends upon it from a considerable height, men rub the wool till it is quite clean. The process, though very rapid, is an effectual one, and the flocks look like a snowdrift as they are driven into a paddock to dry.

In three or four days they are ready for the shearer, and the shearing season is the culmination of the labours of the whole year. Much of the shearing is done by men who travel from station to station for this purpose. They are paid three shillings per score, and a good hand can shear from four to five score a day. After the fleece has been taken off in one piece it is picked up and put upon the wire table, where the master or overseer stands, shaken, sorted, and folded, and afterwards pressed into bales, which average 250 lbs. each. The shearing and sorting are done under cover.

The excitement on the stations during the shearing season is great, and with the number of extra hands, the gathering of all the out-station hands into one place, the neighing of horses, bleating of sheep, barking and howling of dogs, the unlimited drinking of tea and the unlimited eating of meat, the hurry and competition, and the absence of brawls, which comes from the absence of drink,—it is a very pleasant time even for an onlooker. Some of the shearers are rough men, and it would not do in all cases to inquire too closely into their antecedents, but I have seldom enjoyed an evening more than one which I spent with a large shearing party at one of the loneliest and wildest of hill stations, round a great bivouac fire, where huge beefsteaks were broiled over the embers, and dampers that could be pulled out into strings a yard long were produced from among the ashes, and pannikins of strong tea circulated freely, and stories were told, and songs sung,

and the good-fellowship was protracted into the small hours, and a few aborigines, not much darker by nature than the white men were with dirt and sunburn, hung about in the shadow, and now and then heaped green logs on the fire.

In the fashion thus slightly sketched the 11,000,000 of sheep in Victoria are reared. The number on each run is rarely less than 10,000, as it does not pay to raise sheep on a small scale, and does not often exceed 30,000; but as rich squatters often possess several runs, there are some pastoral princes who own 150,000 sheep, which may be valued all round at twenty-five shillings per head. The magnitude of this interest may be judged of from the fact that in the last year for which the returns have been made up, the value of the wool exported from Victoria exceeded by *two millions* sterling that of the gold, and has gone up in thirty-seven years from eleven thousand pounds sterling per annum to six millions three hundred thousand!

Mac arrived at the inn where the stage had deposited me, in a high, spidery-looking buggy, incrustated with the mud of the previous winter, drawn by a span of well-bred, frisky greys, who trotted thirty miles in something less than three hours on a level road, through a well-cultivated but thinly-peopled country. The good man's deeply-lined old face beamed with the honest pride of possession as we drove through a neatly-fenced paddock and prolific vegetable garden to the porch of a small but well-built frame-house, very nearly covered with vines, and with a green background of almond, apple, pear, plum, peach, apricot, and mulberry-trees, on which a fine crop of fruit was just beginning to set. The gude wife, who had been a true good wife, sat outside with her knitting, rocking the cradle of a grandchild. Two well-bred collies welcomed their owner somewhat riotously, and a handsome young man, Mac's youngest son, cantered up on a fine horse, and with a good English accent bade me welcome to their Victorian homestead.

Before I was allowed to enter the house, I was taken to the farm-stead, where ten cows of aristocratic lineage were waiting to be milked. Pigs, too, there were in plenty, nearly ready for market; turkeys and fowls by the dozen; a well-constructed dairy, a substantial dray, and some agricultural machinery. Four good horses were feeding in a clover-field outside, and three mares, with promising foals, in an adjacent paddock. When all these had been duly admired, we went into the house, which consisted of a good kitchen, with an American cooking-stove, tables, and dresser, a lean-to washhouse, a parlour, and two bedrooms below, and three bedrooms above, the largest of which was used as an extra granary. The furniture was severely plain, but sufficient for comfort, and the blankets were spun by the good wife from wool raised on the farm. The parlour was not carpeted, but sheepskins were laid down here and there. The chairs were somewhat rigid, but a rocking-chair was produced for me. A map of Scotland, a lithographed copy of the Covenant, and photographs of the Rev. Dr. McLauchlan, of Edinburgh, and the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Dingwall, adorned the whitewashed wall. An engraving of the Queen, with her husband and children, occupied the place of honour, and was decorated with some sprigs of Scotch heather and a trail of stags'-horn moss.

The supper was tardy in making its appearance,

and its preparation seemed to engross the services of three women and two men—and no wonder! I was alarmed when I saw it, knowing that, Highland fashion, I should be expected to eat of every dish on the table. The eatables were a sirloin of beef, a sucking-pig, a boiled and stuffed turkey, four boiled fowls, a ham, early potatoes, peas, radishes, cucumbers, bread scones, oatcake, fritters, a plum-pudding, curds and cream, pitchers of cream, and tea and coffee. As each dish was brought in, I dreaded lest it should contain a haggis, but I was spared that crowning woe. The table, though so abundant, was soon cleared, for, besides Mac and his wife, there were the youngest son and daughter, who remain at home, three sons and their wives, contiguous proprietors, a "hired man," and two hungry grandchildren. My intercourse with Mrs. Mac was confined to nods and smiles, as she spoke no English and I no Gaelic; but the sons were voluble on their Australian experiences, and after supper, when the pipes were lighted and the room was full of smoke, I heard all the family history, which, except for some losses occasioned by drought, was one of nearly unbroken prosperity. The father and his three sons were all "free selectors," had been fortunate in their allotments, and as two of them "selected" under a previous Land Act, which allowed a single individual to "take up" 640 acres of land, they were the actual proprietors of 1,920 acres, all paid for at the rate of £1 per acre. Prosperous themselves, and full of hope for the future of their children, they attributed all their success, under God's blessing, to persevering industry, fair dealing, frugality, and strict sobriety. "It's a good country for a steady man," was their unanimous verdict upon the land of their adoption.

At nine the old man conducted worship by reading a chapter and singing a psalm in English, but the prayer was in Gaelic, a "dead language" to the grandchildren. Then the buggies were brought round, the married sons drove off to their adjacent homesteads, Mac went his final rounds, "to see that the cattle were all right," and the good woman, with many smiles and much eloquent though unspoken speech of hospitality, consisting partly in elephantine thumps, meant to be encouraging, upon my shoulders, took me to my comfortable room, where I sat for an hour by the open window instead of going to bed.

The vine branches in their rank spring growth had wandered across the casement, and by the moonlight I saw that clusters of China roses were hidden away in their shade, a scent of bean blossoms came in with the breeze, the view from the window was over young green crops and deep clover pastures, and in the distance soft woodlands swelled up against the purple sky. Prosperous agricultural sounds, such as the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, mellowed by distance, mingled with the noisy notes of the vociferous tree-crickets in the orchard, and the occasional scream of some winged marauder sailing over the barn-yard. A deep peace enfolded a well-earned and solid prosperity. Did the thoughts of the successful emigrant ever travel back, as mine did, to a rude hut under the shadow of Scur Ooran, with the potato strip on the dark loch's margin, and the scanty oat patch on the bleak hillside? *

* We are indebted to Messrs. Virtue & Co. for permission to engrave the views of the Dandenong Ranges and of the Upper Goulbourn, which accompany these papers. They are both copied from sketches by Prout, included in the admirable work entitled, "Australia. By E. Carton Booth. Illustrated by drawings by Skinner, Prout, Chevalier, etc." A book which all should see who desire acquaintance with Australian scenery.—ED. L. H.



THE SPARROW CLUB.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Mr. Fallows and his friends walked away from the vicarage together, they returned to the Reapers' Arms, and stopped to finish the evening there. The vicar's conduct in the chair was severely criticised. He had taken an unfair advantage of them, they said. It was a very good dinner, to be sure, and they were quite ready to be good friends, and to dine with him again at any time, but he had no right to turn round upon them in that way. Why did he not say at once that he would not be their president? They could do without him, however; and Mr. Fallows being then and there voted to the chair, a Sparrow Club was constituted without any more delay, in correspondence with that of which Mr. Hawke was a member, the rules of which were taken as read, and adopted. There were seven members to begin with, and, as their farms lay near together in a ring fence, they would have a fair opportunity of carrying out their designs, and before they separated that evening they had pledged themselves with one accord to destroy all bird's-nests, and to shoot or poison every bird that was to be found upon their several holdings. The children of the village were to be encouraged to ransack the hedges, which they would be ready enough to do, no doubt; and prizes were to be offered to farm-labourers and others for the largest number of birds slain, or rather of heads brought in. Cuckoos' nests were to be spared when found, and cuckoos themselves protected, for it was generally believed that those birds turned into sparrow-hawks at a certain (or uncertain) period of their lives, and might therefore prove useful allies to the farmers and worthy members of their Sparrow Club. There was no lack of funds for carrying out the unanimous resolution of the seven, for though they had never been known to give so much as half-a-crown a-piece to any charitable object in the parish, they willingly laid down a pound each to begin with for this new project, and pledged themselves to subscribe whatever further sum might be required when called upon. Each member also engaged to do his part severally and personally, with a goodwill and a *bona fide*, and, in short, they were all resolved to stand by one another in their war against the sparrows "as one man!"

Mr. Hoflesh bought a large quantity of broken or loose powder, cheap, at the ironmonger's the next market-day, and went out early in the morning, aiming at every bird that came within range of his gun, and firing off a great many percussion-caps, but without doing much mischief. From some cause or other, the powder would not explode. He drew the charge, and reloaded several times; but it was no use. The ironmonger had sold him some very worthless powder, that was certain. Going home very much out of humour, he passed a corner of a field where Jarge, as they called him, one of his labourers, was sowing an "adland" with turnip-

seed. Jarge said it was nasty stuff, and made his hands black; he supposed his master had been dressing it with arsenic or some new-fangled rubbish to keep off the fly; it was mortal heavy, too. Mr. Hoflesh was in the habit of using arsenic with his seed, not reflecting that the fly is not in the seed, but lays its eggs upon the young leaf of the plant after it has germinated. It turned out that Jarge had sown the adland with the gunpowder, while his master had been trying to fire off the turnip-seed. He had just scattered the last handful as Mr. Hoflesh came up. "He couldn't read," he said; "how was he to know? he never looked at it; and didn't give it a thought." Mr. Hoflesh "blew up tremendous;" but that was nothing to the blowing-up which Jarge had narrowly escaped when he was sowing the "seed," smoking his pipe the while, unconsciously. He had been very much surprised, as he confessed, when he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, to see the fire run along the ground. He had never heard of such a thing before, except in Egypt; but it was well it was no worse. Another supply of powder was bought next market-day, and then the slaughter of the birds began in earnest.

Mr. Chawner's boys brought in a great many bird's-nests (there was not a cuckoo's nest amongst them); but soon afterwards his garden was trodden down and desolated by cattle, which had found their way in through gaps made by the boys in the hedges. He lost his temper on that occasion, and assaulted the offenders with a stick. If he had beaten the poor dumb oxen only it would not have signified much; they were his own, and he had a right to do as he liked with them, or thought he had. But he thrashed one of the boys also; and for that he was summoned before the magistrates, and was fined ten shillings and costs.

Mr. Fallows bought a quantity of poisoned wheat, and scattered it plentifully in his fields and garden. Many sparrows were found stiff and dead, lying about upon the ground, affording a conclusive proof that birds would eat corn when they could get it. There were facts for you! It puzzled Mr. Fallows, however, the next day to find that all his cats were dead. There were three of them, and they lay in the farm-yard and garden stiff and stark like the sparrows. Did cats also eat grain? Was this another fact? The feathers about their mouths showed, however, that they had been feasting upon the poisoned birds, and had shared their fate "second-handed," as Mr. Fallows said. He was sorry to lose his cats; for they had been very useful in keeping down the mice, with which he had formerly been "eaten up." They were dead, however, and could not die twice, whatever folks might say about their nine lives. So Mr. Fallows continued to do his duty by the club, and scattered the poisoned wheat, and gathered up the birds, laying their heads aside with exultation, to be

counted at the next anniversary. But, alas! one morning, before any one was up, a choice brood of beautiful silver-spangled hens, which had been kept under wire in a corner of the garden, broke out, and, picking up the poisoned wheat, were every one destroyed. "It was heart-breaking," Mrs. Fallows said; "it would not have signified so much if they had been chitty-prats, like those in the yard; but to have all those beautiful, scarce, capital N's poisoned like sparrows, and just when she had succeeded in getting a pure breed, and was looking forward to taking the first prize at the next poultry show, and the beautiful game-cock as well! it was enough to provoke a saint!"

Mrs. Fallows was not a saint, as her husband found to his cost, that day and many a day afterwards. The consequence was that he avoided her, and spent his evenings at the Reapers' Arms; and there was loud talking after he came home; until Mrs. Fallows prudently resolved to say no more about her loss, if she could help it. The mischief was done, however. Mr. Fallows had got to enjoy the company in the parlour of the public-house, where he was always treated with attention and respect; and it was a long time before he could be induced to turn his back upon it. Whenever anything occurred to vex or worry him, off he went, leaving his wife to bear his share of the trouble as well as her own, and coming home in such a state that "it was a mercy for him," Mrs. Fallows told him with emphasis, "that ever he got home at all."

Mr. Flint was more fortunate at first in his proceedings, and laid up a great store of "heads" during the summer and autumn. When winter came, and the birds were busy pulling the ears of corn out of the stacks, Mr. Flint would hide behind a wall, and discharge upon them from time to time a heavy shower of small-shot, killing, perhaps, a dozen at a stroke. But a piece of paper which he had used to ram down his charge lodged in one of the stacks, and lay smouldering there till after dark, and then burst into a blaze. The neighbours ran to help, and shouted and got in each other's way, and threw buckets of water here and there upon the flames, but did very little good until Mr. Moore arrived. He drew the men up in a line, extending from the brook near at hand to the stack-yard, and directed them to stand still in their places, and pass the buckets from one to another, so that there was a continual chain of full buckets coming, and empty ones returning. By this means, although the stack which first took fire was consumed, the others were preserved, and Mr. Flint made his acknowledgments in a very sincere and hearty manner to the vicar, who had got wet to the skin, like many others, in his service. The stack, unfortunately, was not insured. Mr. Flint had intended to see about it, but had been too busy with his shooting to go over to Cornborough with the papers and the premium; and now it was too late.

All these and other painful experiences were talked over by the members of the "Dulliford True and Original Sparrow Club" when they met for their anniversary at the Reapers' Arms. The only consolation they had on that occasion (excepting, of course, the dinner and the drink), was the fact that not less than 7,000 small birds, of one kind or another, had been killed during the preceding twelve months; a vast number of nests, containing eggs or fledglings, had also been taken. There were plenty

left, however; the farmers wondered where they all came from: it was expensive work, and the rewards mounted up to a large sum; but they resolved to persevere for another year at least. They were not going to be daunted by a few inconveniences and accidents, and would not give in till all the birds were either exterminated or scared away from their own land to their neighbours', who should be welcome to protect them as much as they would, provided they would keep them to themselves.

Meantime the Vicar's Club, as it was called, which had been formed at the vicarage after the departure of the offended guests, ceased after a few weeks to have any particular connection with sparrows or other birds, but assumed the character of a Mutual Improvement Society. The members met at the school-house, where Mr. Moore and some of his friends gave occasional lectures on natural history, and other interesting subjects.

"There is very little to be done in the way of bird-protecting," the vicar told them on one of these occasions. "We do not want to cultivate sparrows; we shall have plenty of small birds if we only let them alone. Even the insects must be allowed to live; it would not be prudent or right to exterminate them, if we had the power to do so. They were created for some useful purpose, though we cannot always tell what good they do. There are some insects which prey upon others; spiders, for instance, help to keep down the flies. Then, again, there is a fly which lays its eggs in the body of the caterpillar; it is called *mikrogaster* on account of the smallness of its body; but small as it is, it does great service to the gardener. Wherever there are cabbages in your gardens, you may find in summer and autumn small clusters of oval bodies sticking together, of a fine, silky appearance, and a bright lemon-colour. These are the pupæ of this fly, and you will see the dry skins of the caterpillars which they have destroyed mixed up with them. It has been noticed that nearly two-thirds of all the caterpillars which are hatched are destroyed by this useful little fly. Nearly every kind of butterfly and moth is preyed upon in its larva or caterpillar state, by other insects. There are also flies which act as scavengers, devouring an immense quantity of dead or putrid matter, which would otherwise give out poisonous exhalations. In short, it is impossible to calculate how great and widespread are the benefits which we derive from the existence of even the lowest forms of animal life.

'Each crawling insect holds a rank
Important, in the plan of Him who framed
The scale of beings; holds a rank which, lost,
Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which Nature's self would rue.'

—*Stillingfleet.*

"As long as the several species of living creatures exist in their due proportions, nothing but good can follow from their various pursuits and functions. Did not the Creator say of everything that he had made, 'Behold, it was very good'? It pleased him to form an infinite number and a countless variety of living creatures, all of which he made subservient to man, and he gave them such instincts and appetites as should tend to preserve them in their due proportions everywhere. The sparrows prey upon the caterpillars, and the hawks and other enemies upon the sparrows, and so the proper balance is preserved. One

animal is a check upon the over-increase of another, and the less we in our ignorance and presumption interfere with the order of God's providence, the better for us all."

Among the lectures delivered was one on Temperance, and another on Home Influence. These were attended chiefly by the females of the parish, and the lecturer took occasion to point out to them how much the comfort of their homes depended upon the management and prudence of the wives, and how, by a word in season (and not too many of them), they might often be the means of leading their husbands gently to some good work, or diverting them from an evil one; and then he touched lightly on the question of Sparrow Clubs, and found at once that the women were with him "to a man!" as an Irishman of the company observed afterwards, when moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer. It was evident they did not like Sparrow Clubs; they missed the birds which used to sing under their windows in the early morning, and they objected to the anniversaries, which were not limited to once, or even twice a year. The members had got into a habit of dropping in frequently at one or other of the public-houses to compare notes, and sometimes sat there till a late hour, transacting their business. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Sparrow Club became increasingly unpopular with the good wives. They came early to the conclusion that Mr. Round, of the Reapers' Arms, and Mr. Goskin, of the Fountain Head, were the only persons who derived any benefit from it; and they put their heads together, after they had heard the lecture on Home Influence, to consider how they could best put an end to it, or at least withdraw their own husbands from it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE "*septem contra passeress*," as the vicar had once in an unguarded moment called them, or the "seven contrary parties," as they were more popularly styled in consequence, were ignorant of the conspiracy which had been formed against them by their wives. They continued their raid upon the sparrows and other birds, and met together with increasing frequency at the Reapers' Arms to congratulate themselves upon their successes. There was a marked diminution in the number of nests on those farms where the hedges had been systematically ravaged by the boys; and, stimulated by the renewed offer of prizes for eggs and young birds, the farm-labourers and their children continued their efforts with even greater industry, till every tree and bush and tuft of grass on the seven farms had been carefully searched and plundered. Before the spring was over the members of the Sparrow Club found that they had expended a large sum of money in rewards, but that the demand had almost ceased; no more nests were to be found. Birds also of every kind were scarce. The song of the thrush or the blackbird was never heard in their orchards; the water-wagtail, or Peggy whitethroat, as it was sometimes called, was no more seen gliding swiftly along upon the garden paths, or stopping to balance itself with the long graceful dip of its tail. Even the sparrows and robins were rarely visible; food was plentiful, for the weather was dry and warm, and they seldom came near the houses in which, as they seemed to know, their ruthless enemies were lying in wait. As summer advanced, the drought, which had set in early, con-

tinued, and the heat became oppressive. The farmers grumbled and complained, and began already to prognosticate that there would be no crops; "no hay, no straw, no turnips." All manner of weather proverbs were quoted, and weather almanacks consulted with a confidence which never seemed to waver, though their prognostications proved to be continually wrong.

"Zadkiel was generally pretty correct," Mr. Chawner would remark; "but this was such an unusual season."

"Yes," Mr. Flint would answer; "you couldn't expect him to prophesy such a time as this, and nobody would have believed him if he had."

Mr. Chawner had congratulated himself that "the oak was out before the ash," therefore in June would "come a splash;" but Mr. Flint had learnt the couplet differently on his side of the county, and his version of it was, "When the ash comes out before the oak, in summer-time the fields will soak." The adage might be true, therefore, in his sense, and "it could not be right both ways, could it?"

Mr. Fallows had in his hall a little classical building, made of pasteboard, in the form of a portico, supported by three Corinthian columns, and inscribed with the words, "Temple of Science." Two sages of the peripatetic school dodged each other round the central pillar, the male philosopher, with an umbrella, coming out in rainy weather, while the female genius, who carried a parasol, ventured forth only when the sun was shining. Before this temple Mr. Fallows stopped as often as he passed it, longing to see the gentleman advance and the lady retire, and giving the former a sly twitch now and then to bring him forth from his retreat. The two puppets wavered a little, but never took any decided step, and Mr. Fallows turned away from them two or three times a-day, pronouncing, with a sigh, that there would be no rain yet awhile, for the Temple of Science could be depended upon more than any almanack. There would be no hay this summer, and no turnips, said the farmers, one and all; and whatever the beasts were to do for fodder they could not tell. In the garden there was very little fruit; the gooseberry and currant-bushes lost their leaves early in the season, and stood naked in the sun, having their branches covered with little yellow caterpillars; and when the farmers' wives went to look for fruit, there were only a few shrivelled berries to be found, not enough to make a tart or pudding, to say nothing of jams and jellies. The cabbages were equally infested, and the peas and beans were full of maggots. The wheat crops would have been exceptionally good that year if they had not been injured by smut; and the mangold and swedes, which had come up well at first, perished before the fly. Mr. Fallows, walking moodily over his land, wondered where his rent was to come from, and what would be the end of it. He noticed that the hedges were drying up already, being full of little gauzy webs, which glistened in the sunshine. Clusters of small black flies were to be seen, like plague-spots, on the leaves; caterpillars innumerable crawled upon the naked twigs and branches. He felt enraged, and not the less so because he was so utterly helpless. Upon whom should he vent his spleen? With whom should he contend? Although a man of no practical religion, he was not altogether impious or a blasphemer; he could not openly follow the advice of Job's wife to her husband, yet he was not far removed from the spirit of it. "Well," he

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said to himself, at last, with bitterness, "well; there's no birds left, that's one comfort; the Sparrow Club has cleared them off, at all events. It must rain sooner or later, and we shall have no crows or sparrows to mortify us."

Mr. Fallows did not consider why "it must rain," nor did his angry soliloquy about the birds afford him much consolation. In his inmost heart he was not quite sure which had done him the greater injury—the sparrows or the Sparrow Club. And he went home discontented with himself, as well as with the grander nature all around.

CHAPTER V.

As Mr. Fallows approached his house, he met two of his neighbours' wives coming from it. He would have stopped to speak to them, but they passed him almost without any recognition. "What's up now?" he said to himself. "What brings Mrs. Hoflesh and Mrs. Chawner up at my house at this time of day? They need not look so glum, at all events." Mr. Fallows was looking rather glum himself, but he seemed to think that that was his own prerogative; women had no right to indulge their tempers in that fashion. He entered his house and stood for a few moments before the Temple of Science, flipping the female sage impatiently with his finger-nail to make her go in, till she tumbled off her stand and broke her parasol. "Pshaw!" said he; "it serves her right."

He went on then into the kitchen, where his wife was busy, and said, crossly, "No rain yet."

Mrs. Fallows did not answer, but went on with her work. There was a storm brewing nearer than he imagined.

"Where's my gun?" said Mr. Fallows, presently, missing it from the place where it usually hung.

Still there was no answer.

"Where's my gun, I say?" he repeated; "what's come of it?"

"Don't ask me," said his wife, at length, without looking at him. "Gun, indeed!"

"I left it hanging up," he replied. "What have you done with it?"

"It's gone; there!"

"I see it's gone; and I want it."

"That's a pity, 'cause you can't have it. I've sent it away; there!"

"What do you mean?"

Mrs. Fallows was silent for a time, but being urged by her husband in angry words to tell him what she had done with the gun, she replied at length, in a still louder key, that he should not have the gun; it was "gun, gun, gun," all day long, she said, and the garden was eat up with caterpillars; he had better go and shoot the caterpillars. It was just as Mr. Moore had said it would be in his lectures; and he, Fallows, was wasting his time and money at the public-house, night after night, and leaving her to toil and slave alone. And he should not have the gun; so there!

Mr. Fallows looked at her indignantly for a time, and would have answered her, but she gave him no opportunity. Her tongue was loosed, and went on incessantly; the silver-spangled hens and the game-cock and the dead cats were all flung into his face, as he told some one afterwards, till he could bear it no longer, but beat a retreat from the room and from the house.

Walking moodily down the lane, crestfallen, and with his hands in his pockets, he met Mr. Chawner.

"What do you think, Fallows?" said that gentleman; "Mrs. Chawner has actually gone and sold my gun to a pedlar, and she has been going on at me about the Sparrow Club till I couldn't stay within earshot of her; I never thought she had such a spirit."

Presently they were joined by Mr. Hoflesh. He had a similar complaint to make; he had lost his gun a week ago, but had said nothing about it, because he was not sure that he had not left it at the Reapers' Arms or at the Fountain Head one night when he stayed out rather late. He had just found it, however; and where, did they think? Why, in the hen-house, all wet and rusty. Mrs. Hoflesh pretended to know nothing about it; but who else could have put it there?

"It's a conspiracy!" said Mr. Fallows. "I thought there was something up when I met your wife and Mrs. Chawner coming from my house. This is what they call 'Home Influence,' no doubt. I heard about the lecture on Home Influence. I wonder whether Flint has lost his gun also."

"Flint has not used his gun much lately," said Chawner; "never since the fire. The vicar worked so hard to put it out, that Flint wouldn't go against him any longer. Flint says we are all wrong about the birds. I think myself, sometimes, that we may have gone a little too far; just a little too far, you know."

There was no reply to the suggestion, and Mr. Chawner, gaining courage, went on.

"I rode over a good bit of the country on the other side of Cornborough last week with Flint, and I could not help owing to it that things looked ever so much better there than here. Not eaten up so badly with the fly and insects, and not so much smut among the corn. Of course they have had the same weather down yonder as we have here. There were lots of birds about, too, but they did not seem to have done a deal of harm. There's something to be said on both sides, I dare say."

Mr. Hoflesh confessed that he had had his doubts for some time past. "He should have said so, perhaps, but his wife would not give him a chance. She was so aggravating. At first, when he used to bring home a few blackbirds or thrushes, she would make them into a pudding for supper; but now she always threw them to the cat. So where was the use?"

After some more conversation of this kind, the farmers agreed to call a meeting of the Sparrow Club, and to put the question to the vote whether it should be continued or not. It had put them all to a great deal of expense and trouble, and none of them had gained much by it. In the meantime they agreed together not to shoot any more birds, which was a sensible resolve, at all events, since they had no longer any guns.

There was rain that night; heavy and long-continued rain, and all the country woke up in a good-humour next morning. The proposed meeting of the farmers took place, therefore, under favourable conditions, and a few days later all the members of the Sparrow Club, with the exception only of Mr. Round and Mr. Goskin, waited upon the vicar. Mr. Fallows was again the speaker.

"We have been looking over the land far and near," he said, "and have come to the conclusion

that you were right about the birds. We don't mean to meddle with them in future, unless they should grow to be too many for us; but that is not likely for some time to come. We have gone a little too far, that's certain, and we don't mind saying so."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the vicar. "I am afraid I have been to blame in this matter as well as you. I did not treat you quite fairly at that dinner. I ought to have explained my views in a different manner, and then very likely you would not have taken offence, but would have given a patient and considerate hearing to what I had to say. I hope that in future we shall understand each other better, and be good friends."

They all protested that the vicar had not been to blame, but they were pleased nevertheless that he was willing to take some part of the reproach of their proceedings on himself. They shook hands warmly all round, with mutual protestations of esteem, and went away, well satisfied with themselves and with everybody else. They did not stop at the Reapers' Arms, nor at the Fountain Head, but went straight home to their wives, and found their tables comfortably laid for tea, and all things pleasant, as they used to be. The ladies very wisely adopted a milder form of Home Influence, and were careful never to mention the word "sparrow" if they could help it; and the two publicans were the only persons who were ever known to regret the break-up, or "break-down," as they called it, of the Sparrow Club.

Varieties.

CHESOLDEN'S BLACKSMITH.—Among the notable blacksmiths referred to by the writer of the papers on "The Great Smith Family," one may be mentioned who was famed as an oculist, as others have been as bone-setters and in other departments of surgery. Mr. Perceval Pott, the distinguished surgeon, had the following anecdote from Mr. Cheselden himself. Mr. Cheselden, who is well known as having been surgeon to the queen of George II, going into an obscure country town, found a blacksmith who, with the best intention and the utmost confidence, was in the habit of performing the operation for extracting the cataract. Pleased with his talents, Mr. Cheselden took pains to instruct him, and at a future time inquiring what had been his success, the man replied, "Ah, sir, you spoil my trade, for after you explained to me what I had been doing I never dared try again."

STONE ADZES IN THE PACIFIC.—The adzes of the Hervey Islanders are frequently hafted with carved "Pua" wood. The carving, which is often admirable, was formerly executed with sharks' teeth, and was primarily intended for the adorning of their gods. The fine-pointed pattern is known as "the sharks' teeth pattern" (nio mango). Other figures are each supposed, by a stretch of imagination, to represent a man squatting down (tikitiki tangata). Some patterns are of recent introduction, and being mere imitations of European designs, are destitute of the significations which invariably attached to ancient Polynesian carving. The large square holes are known as "celborings" (ai tuna); the lateral openings are naturally enough called "clefts" (kavava). To carve was the employment of sacred men. The national gods of Mangaia, with one exception, were carved in ironwood by one man, Rori, who was believed to have been specially assisted by the gods for the purpose. The idols were called "carvings" (*tiki* in the Hervey group, *titi* in the Tahitian and Society groups). The stone adzes were secured to their wooden hafts by means of fine cinet, itself esteemed divine. It was fabled that the peculiar way in which the natives of Mangaia fasten their axes was originally taught them by the gods. A famous god, named Tane-mataariki, *i.e.*, Tane-of-royal-face, was considered to be enshrined in a sacred triple axe, which symbolised the three priestly families on the island,

without whose aid the gods could not be acceptably worshipped. Tane-of-royal-face was one of the very few much-respected gods not surrendered to the missionaries, but hidden in caves. All traces of this interesting relic of heathen antiquity is now lost. The shape of a god-adze differed at the back from those used by artisans in being rounded underneath. These artisans were priests; to use an adze was to be a man of consequence, the skill necessary in using it being invariably referred back to the gods as its source. That the Rev. J. Williams should be able to fell a tree and build a vessel as well as to preach and teach was in perfect harmony with their traditional ideas of a priest-chief. The improved art of carving and plaiting cinet, etc., was long ago introduced from Tahiti by a worshipper of Tane. During these employments songs were chanted in a soft low tone to the gods to aid their work. Some of these stone adzes were intended for dispatching their foes. Stone adzes are invariably used *laterally*, not perpendicularly as with our steel ones. Beds of stone adzes are occasionally discovered. They generally consist of about a dozen adzes, large and small, arranged in a circle, the points being towards the centre. This "treasure-trove" would have been the property of some family exterminated in war. The knowledge of the localities where to find them was of course carefully handed down from one generation to another until the last of the tribe was gone.—*William Wyatt Gill.*

MRS. PEPPS.—Samuel Pepys, as readers of his inimitable Diary know, had not a very peaceful home. Perhaps his domestic discomfort led him to wander more abroad, and so we must not be too sorry for the trouble which has caused so much amusing matter to be written; and not amusing only, but valuable as affording glimpses of English life and history in his time. The new edition of the Diary, edited by the Rev. Mynors Bright, contains some new passages, deciphered from the original manuscript, relative to his domestic life. For instance, here is a scene under date of the 5th July, 1664. On going home from office, Pepys found his wife had paid, of her own accord, £1 5s. for a pair of earrings, "which," he says, "did vex me, and brought both me and her to very high and very foul words from her to me, such as trouble me to think she should have in her mouth, and reflecting upon our old differences, which I hate to have remembered." Pepys threatened to break the earrings, if she would not consent to change them, and get her money back. His wife sent her maid to the "Change" for that purpose, and Pepys went after her. "I would not have them changed," he says, "being satisfied that she yielded. So went home, and friends again as to that business; but the words I could not get out of my mind." Another passage is under date Feb. 4, 1665:—"In the evening was sent to by Jane that I would give her her wages. So I sent for my wife to my office, and told her that, rather than be talked on, I would give her all her wages for this quarter coming on, though two months is behind; which vexed my wife, and we began to be angry, but I took myself up and sent her away, but was cruelly vexed in my mind that all my trouble in this world almost should arise from my disorders in my family and the indiscretion of a wife that brings me nothing almost (besides a comely person) but only trouble and discontent." Poor Mr. Pepys!

AINTAB COLLEGE.—This college has been established at Aintab, in Central Turkey. The immediate object of the college is the proper training of native pastors, preachers, and teachers, for the large Protestant congregations and communities in Central Turkey. The people of Aintab, though poor and oppressed, have paid into the hands of the local board of managers more than fourteen hundred pounds sterling as their contribution to this object. A wealthy Moslem has presented thirty-four acres of land to the college as a site for the buildings. The site is very near to the city, and is admirably adapted to its purpose. Fourteen acres have been enclosed by a stone wall ten feet in height, and within this wall the first college building is now being erected. Permission to erect this building was obtained only after a long delay by the influence of H. B. M.'s Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Henry Elliot. The building will accommodate one hundred and twenty students, the family of a professor, a library, rooms for tutors, a cabinet, and will have ample rooms for recitations and lectures. Three professors have been appointed, two of whom are native Armenians, the third is an American. Thirty young men are already in the preparatory department. Many others will enter as soon as they can be accommodated. A fine site has been secured for the hospital of the medical department, and preparations are begun for the erection of the building for the hospital. Two of the professors already appointed are for the medical department of the college.